SEVERE ON AMERICANS.

How One of John Bull's Watchful Organs Sizes Up Some American Subjects

Except a Yorkshireman there is no more self-conscious persons than your untraveled American, says the Newcastle Chronicle. He knows everything. You can't take him in. He comes from the biggest country in the world. His smartness is proverbial. He does not continually exclaim: "I am a Yankee, I am," but he metaphorically waves his flag in the face of an effete civilization, and trails his egotism before the darned old country all the time, you bet! And it is done surely and persistently. Every whipper-snapper of a sneak thief has him. Notwithstanding the staleness of the confidence trick in his own country, he is a prey to the first American sharper or the clumsiest imitator of the Yankee methods whom he meets in street or barroom. The papers lately have contained several instances of the successful practice of the confidence trick on Americans. The wonder is that any one can be deceed so easily.

Imagine any sane person being induced to hand over his watch and his purse to a total stranger, and letting him go out of sight to test his faith in the said stranger—"to show his confidence" in a man he does not care a button about and whose acquaintance he has only just made. This happened the other day in Holborn to an American gentleman who parted with a watch, ring, and notes to the value of nearly £300. The story began by one of two confidence men spotting him for an American in Holborn and asking him "say, stranger, is this a new street?"

The two men were Americans, they came from Virginia, the dupe was from New Jersey. Of course they all adjourned to the restaurant to have a drink. The first Virginia gentleman had come into a large fortune and wanted to give a lot of it away, but not to Britishers, oh, no, but to his own countrymen. The Jersey gentleman was induced to undertake the office of my lord bountiful to the millionaire, and was permitted for a time to hold possession of a great bundle of spurious notes. Then, to show his confidence in his new friend, he handed over all he had about him; and they presently decamped with his money "jewels, cash, and plate." He had to go home before the police could catch the masqueraders but on reaching New York he will be asked by cable to keep the promise he made that he would return and prosecute them if the dull London detectives could lay hands on the astute operators from Virginia.

And this kind of thing is going on continually. The credulity of people in general says a great deal for the trustfulness and sympathy of humanity as a whole. Cynics would say that it may be taken as still more indicative of its greed. It certainly says little for its caution. The most transparent swindles of the day in the direction of companies, partnerships, offers of fortunes for a few pounds, catch their dupes day by day; and Monte Carlo is extending its palatial halls.

Four Heavens of the Hindoos.

The Jews believed in a plurality of heavens, and so do the Hindoos, the former reckoning seven, the latter but four. These four special abodes of the righteous after death each has its name. The first is called Sara-loga, "God's world;" the second, Sameeba, "Near to God;" the third, Sarobam, "God's Image;" the fourth, Sayutcheyam, which signifies "to be absorbed in Him."

To Sara-loga, the first degree of bliss, go the souls of all those who have ever made a pilgrimage to a holy place, or who have paid for the Temple lights for one month. In Sara-loga there is great happiness and no work or sickness. The inmate is allowed to read the five sacred books, drink ambrosia, and hear the houris sing.

To Sameeba go the spirits of all Keerikarar, or workers of the Brahman cause. Also those who forego the comforts of this life, such as sleeping in a recumbent position, eating sufficiently, etc. Their happiness consists chiefly of continually praising God.

To Sarobam, the third heaven, go the souls of such as never spoil God's model by shaving or paring the nails. These are the Brahman Yogees. They wander about the earth, always going from left to right. They eat nothing but nauseous food and live in a constant state of abstraction on divine subjects.

The fourth heaven, Sayutcheyam, is the coming abode of the "Nyans," or philosophers. These Nyans pay no attention to heat or cold, never bathe, and often go for weeks without food. If they are sick no one knows it but themselves. They are the Stoics of the world of to-day, and believe that in Sayutcheyam they will eventually be absorbed in the Deity.—St. Louis Republic.

American Houses Are Ovens.

Although for a time the hot weather in America equals that of the tropical regions, the reign of these summer heats is so short that very few of the comfortable contrivances of the east are adopted in this country—so that in actually hotter climates one really suffers less.

"I have never felt the heat in India, as I do here," said an English woman, who for the last few years has lived in this country. "You people do not in the least understand adapting yourself to your climate, so no wonder you wear yourselves out. The long hours of rest which are observed at mid-day in India, the punkahs and other means of making the hot days tolerable are unknown here.

"It often surprises me," she continued, "to see that Americans, with all their inventive genius, have so little idea of comfort. Almost all their domestic civilization comes from England. We even show them how to dress in hot weather, and one rarely sees in the grandest establishments the simplest devices for household comfort in torrid weather which are common in every Anglo-Indian house."

Gardens on the roof do not seem to be particularly adapted to our climate as lounging places for hot evenings. They can be made most attractive. At a pretty country place on the Hudson one end of the veranda roof is utilized in this fashion, with netted sides as a protection against insects, and a delightful retreat it is. The great branches of a huge oak almost encircle the airy room, and between them show vistas of the beautiful river and exquisitely kept lawns below. The birds and squirrels accept their human neighbors as a natural part of their tree life, and rear their young and disport themselves without fear beside the children of the household.—New York Tribune.

Making the Most of Her Opportunity.

In a poor country the first want is the want of money. In "A Tour Through the Pyrenees," the author says that the burning question of the region is, "Shall strangers be considered as a prey or a harvest?" Hence is a trifling incident that shows the dexterity and ardor with which the natives improve their opportunities.

One day Paul tells his servant to sew another button on his trousers. An hour after, she brings in the trousers, and, with an undecided, anxious air, as if fearing the effect of her demand, says,—

"It is a sou!"

Paul draws out a sou in silence and gives it to her. Jeannette retires on tiptoe as far as the door, thinks better of it, returns, takes up the trousers and shows the button.

"Ah, that is a fine button!"

A pause.

"I did not find that in my box."

Another and a longer pause.

"I bought that at the grocer's; it cost a sou."

She draws herself up anxiously. The proprietor of the trousers, still without speaking, gives a second sou. It is clear that she has struck upon a mine of sous. Jeannette goes out, and a moment after re-opens the door. She has resolved on her course, and in a shrill, piercing voice, with admirable volubility, proceeds:—

"I had no thread; I had to buy some thread—good thread, too. The button won't come off. I sewed it on fast. The thread cost a sou."

Two hours later Jeannette, who has been pondering the matter, re-appears. She prepares breakfast with the greatest care, lowers her voice, walks noiselessly, and is charming in her little attentions. Then she says, putting forth all sorts of obsequious graces.—

"I ought not to lose anything; you would not want to lose anything. The cloth was harsh; I broke the point of my needle. I did not know it till a while ago; I have just noticed it. It cost a sou."

And that fourth sou was the last.

Handier, Perhaps, After Dinner.

Not very long ago, at Aldershot, England, the officers of a certain distinguished regiment were to entertain a large party of guests at dinner. The day had been wet, and the ground was in consequence deep in mud.

Just before mess the sky cleared, and a small group of officers assembled outside the mess-house door to enjoy for a few moments the fine evening. They observed approaching them a hospital stretcher, carried by four stalwart privates of a well-known regiment.

One of the group of officers, thinking that possibly these men, being strangers to Aldershot, might be making a mistake as to the locality, shouted out,—

"You are wrong, my men. This is the mess-house of the —— Regiment, not the hospital."

The bearers of the stretcher stolidly continued their advance, and to the great surprise of the group the occupant turned out to be, not an invalid, as they supposed, but a certain distinguished field officer of the Guards, who was expected as a guest.

This gentleman, who is well known to be most particular as to his personal appearance, fearing to soil his varnished boots, and not caring to take a cab for so short a distance, had improvised this new method of being conveyed out to dinner on a muddy day, without injury to his immaculate boots or the least expense to his pocket.

The Social Debt.

Once in awhile the glamour rolls away, and the commercial value of social attentions come distressingly to the front. At least so it seemed to a thoughtful dame who sat with two other society women making out a list of invitations for a joint luncheon. Their babble ran as follows:—

"Shall we ask Mrs. Dash?"

"Yes. I owe her two luncheons. Do let me get out of her debt."

"How about Mrs. Cash?"

"I don't care to ask her. I've invited her twice since she asked me."

"Well, here's Mrs. Rash. I'll have to ask her though I remember you were not asked to her last party."

"Who else? Oh, Mrs. Banks! She seldom entertains at all, but everybody runs after her, and I suppose we must."

"Mrs. Rank? How about her? I cannot remember whether I owe her anything or not. We will put her down anyway; she is always giving something nice."

And in the thoughtful listener's mind there arose a vague curiosity as to what would have been said of her social claims had she not been present

Transformed.

Some two or three weeks ago, a newspaper reporter wrote an article. To use his own words on the subject, it was a "really good, honest, and elaborate article" on "Women and Politics." He returned to his home in a pleasant frame of mind, telling his family how grandly he had put it together.

"Nothing could be finer," said he, "than the way I have used the very appropriate and well-known couplet—

'Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.'

You have only now to wait until the morning to see the beauty of it."

The morning came, and so did the young man's article, but not just as he would like to have seen it. For the printer had accepted the word "coy" as a contraction for "company;" and the result was, that "woman in our hours of ease," was pronounced "uncertain company, and hard to please!"

THE less some men work, the more they complain about other men making money.

RED haired people couldn't look cool in summer if they wore nothing, and sat on ice.

NORTHERN INDIA.

How the British Hold Upon the Land Has Been Strengthened.

On the 1st of January, 1892, by a great feat of engineering, England once more strengthened her hold upon Northern India, says Harper's Weekly. The Kojak tunnel was then completed and opened for public traffic. It has been said that England has her right hand upon the Hindoo-Kush and her left hand upon the Kojak, for by means of the tunnel through the mountains she finds herself within sixty level miles of Candahar. The political significance of the undertaking is apparent at the first glance, anything that facilitates the movements of the troops stationed in Northern India and the quick mobilization of forces upon the frontier strengthens the grasp of England's two strong hands.

The station of New Chaman is at the foot of a very steep grade, where the track winds in and out through the dead, bare hills before it plunges into the side of the mountain. Within the railway yards at New Chaman are sixty miles of railway lines piled up in neat ten-mile packets, with the necessary sleepers and other accessories, ready at a moment's notice to carry the line into Candahar itself, which could be filled in a few days with red coats and white helmets of the Empress of India. New Chaman is a brand new army post. A few trees have been planted along the new laid streets, the barracks and buildings are freshly painted and the vegetables are just beginning to show in the public garden.

From the little station of Shela Bagh, at the eastern entrance of the tunnel, so steep is the gradient down to the plain that one of the inspector's little cars, which holds three or four people, can coast the entire distance and swing around the curve at the rate of thirty miles an hour. It is an exciting coast, now rushing from the cool air of the tunnel, out of the darkness into the drizzling sunshine and down the long grades, creeping in some places, flying in others, with the air that roars in one's ears getting warmer all the time as the valley is gradually neared. Then about the last curve with a rush, and a long slide into the plain, up to the station of New Chaman. If there is to be a struggle between Russia and England at any time in the future, Afghanistan will be the seat of war. Herat, Cabul, Ghazni, and Candahar will be objective points in Russia's possible campaign. But at the present England possesses the key in Northern India, and the tunnel through the Kholak range gives her the control of the fertile valley of Argandab, Candahar as a base of supplies, and all India behind her.

HE WAS A BIG HOG.

But Was Taught a Lesson in Courtesy on a Street Car.

Going downtown in a crowded elevator car was a man who lolled over a couple of seats, though there were many standing up. He was so big and cross and boorish that nobody felt justified in requesting a seat next to him. He had a window wide open and rested his arm upon the sill, calmly disregarding the sensitive shrinking of a lady on the other seat. He seemed to be one of those human hogs one occasionally meets, and he was distinctly marked by every passenger in his vicinity. Everybody who came in or out had to step carefully around a pair of muddy shoes or carry with them the results of contact. After awhile the man began to nod drowsily, then calmly laid his head upon his arm and went to sleep. His new hat went out of the window, but still he slept on, to the intense interest of the other passengers. The general look of malicious satisfaction that went round was pardonable. Nobody said a word to the man, yet everybody was curious to see what he would do when he awoke. I really believe some were willingly carried by their destination for the pleasure of witnessing the discomfiture of the human hog. I was intending to get off at Thirty-fifth, but concluded I would go on to Twenty-second street. I was almost immediately rewarded by seeing the hog start up suddenly and demand:

"Where's my hat?" He looked fiercely around as if someone was suspected of stealing it. Nobody said a word, but he saw at once nobody was mourning. He looked under the seat, on the seat, and down the aisle, and repeated without addressing any individual particularly:

"Where's my hat?"

"I think you'll find it somewhere along between Fifty-ninth and Fiftieth streets, if I remember rightly," sweetly remarked the young lady who had been shrinking from the draught for the last two miles. "And if you'll get out right off and run back may be they'll wait for you."

Time to Escape.

The following affidavit was filed in Court of Common Pleas in Dublin in 1822: "And this deponent further saith, that on arriving at the house of the said defendant, situate in the County of Galway aforesaid, for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he, the said deponent, knocked three several times at the outer, commonly called the hall door, but could not obtain admittance; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock the fourth time, when a man, to this deponent unknown, holding in his hands a musket or blunderbuss, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent has since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of the said house, and presenting said musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, threatened that if said deponent did not instantly retire, he would send his (the deponent's) soul to hell,' which this deponent verily believes he would have done, had not this deponent precipitately escaped."

USUALLY when a mother prays for help for a profligate son, a son who has worked hard answers her prayer.

A MAN who is unwilling to pay for an advertisement in a newspaper, is perfectly willing to pay for posters.

THE trouble is that a girl in love never looks in the future any further than the next night he is coming.